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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

Puck

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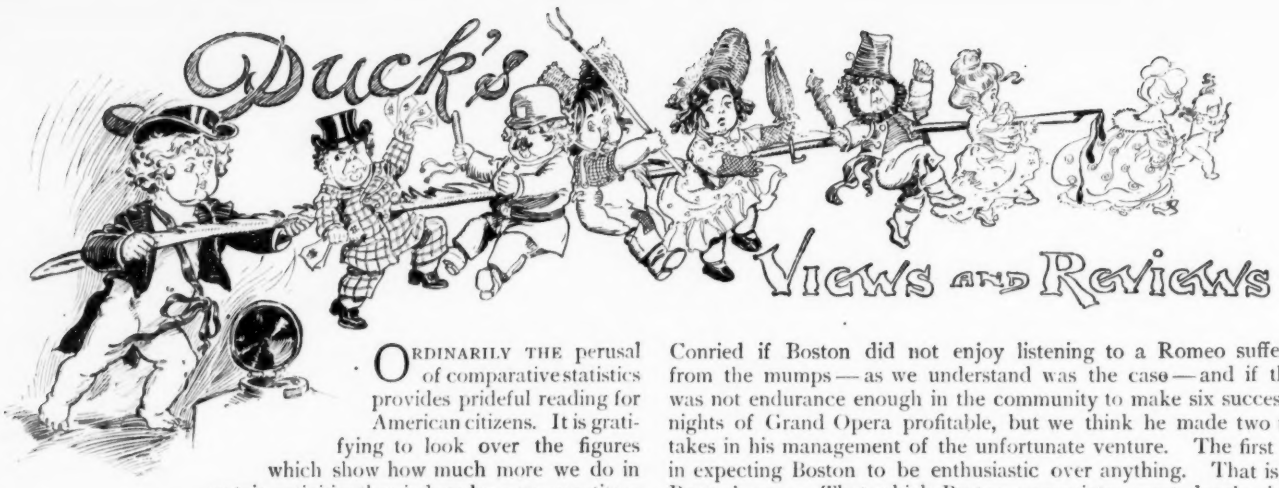
SAINT BOVINE.

SUGGESTED DECORATION FOR THE SENATE CHAMBER AT WASHINGTON.



ORDINARILY THE perusal of comparative statistics provides prideful reading for American citizens. It is gratifying to look over the figures which show how much more we do in certain activities than is done by our competitors in other parts of the world, and the scrap-books of our stump speakers and politicians groan under the weight of clippings whose statistics make us appear to be the greatest people on earth. It is doubtful however if any of us can take much pride or satisfaction in the divorce statistics of this country which have recently come to light. It appears that in a single year we had 3,352 more divorces than all the other countries of the world combined. We beat Great Britain by 22,962. We lead Russia and Austria by 21,692 and 21,754 respectively. Even *la belle* France, to which the puritan not unfrequently points the finger of scorn in matters pertaining to domestic life is a poor second, being left in the rear to the astounding tune of 17,427. In 1901 Paris had 9,404 more marriages than Chicago, and 486 fewer divorces, and the disparity in percentages is increasing rather than diminishing. According to the statistics compiled by the Department of Labor the divorces of 1905 will reach the astounding figures of 48,820, almost if not quite double the number granted in Europe, Canada and Australia combined. All of which makes very uncomfortable reading, and serves as a moderate justification of the selfishness of the bachelors and the spinsters who confront us on every hand. Something should be done about it. Such a strike in the matrimonial industry should be handled with great care, with unusual sagacity, but with inflexible sternness. We cannot afford to have our neighbors put in a position where they may say that American marriages are shoddy in quality, crock, fade, lack durability and have little value for permanent family use. Here is a situation where Church, State, and every other agency for the improvement of the morals of society should get together and point the way out of conditions which are a discredit to us all, and a menace to the home as an institution. The spirit of permanent Union is the inspiration of the Republic. If it dies out in the root of the Nation, the home, how may we expect it to thrive in the upper branches from which the fruit that is good blossoms, buds and ripens?

HERE 'S HOPING that Secretary Hay will find in his trip abroad the rest, recreation and above all the health he seeks. We have n't so many really great men in public life these days that we can afford to spare such as he. His record as Premier in the councils of the Executive for the past seven years has added a brilliant series of pages to the history of American diplomacy and statecraft. The country irrespective of party is proud of him, and will not cease to be prayerfully solicitous of his well-being until he is back in harness again adding new lustre to the laurels of the state, and acting as that balance wheel without which danger to the public welfare may well be apprehended.

MR. CONRIED has been over to Boston with his Opera Company and has returned with the usual complaint that the Hub has n't been as enthusiastic over his enterprise as it might have been. He has not hesitated to say hard things of the Bostonians and has even gone so far as to intimate that they are not musical, forgetting perhaps that there is n't a better Symphony orchestra in the world than that which Boston possesses; that there are n't any finer "Pops" given anywhere than those which it is found profitable to give in Boston season after season; and that where the New York boy goes about whistling Hiawatha, and Laughing Waters, the kid of the Hub twitters Parsifal and Die Götterdämmerung and Woodland as well, thereby showing the catholicity of his taste. PUCK is sorry for Mr. Conried if Boston did not enjoy listening to a Romeo suffering from the mumps — as we understand was the case — and if there was not endurance enough in the community to make six successive nights of Grand Opera profitable, but we think he made two mistakes in his management of the unfortunate venture. The first was in expecting Boston to be enthusiastic over anything. That is not Boston's way. That which Boston appreciates most deeply, it listens to most raptly, and the more intense the rigor of its outward aspect, the more palpitant is the appreciation which is stored up within. What is New York's or Chicago's fever is Boston's chill. The second and greatest mistake the impressario is guilty of was his failure to take over with him his Metropolitan Box-Holders — Mrs. Gaster, Mrs. Gushington-Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Innit and the rest with their stomachers, tiaras, pearl ropes, and loud conversation. As well play Hamlet with the melancholy Dane omitted as try to give Grand Opera with the 400 left out. Eames, Walker, Caruso, Scotti, Saleza and the rest are great names and have great voices, but neither their names nor their voices are now things to conjure with. It 's folks the public pay to see at the opera and in leaving the folks at home Mr. Conried took the chance that has resulted in his present unhappiness.

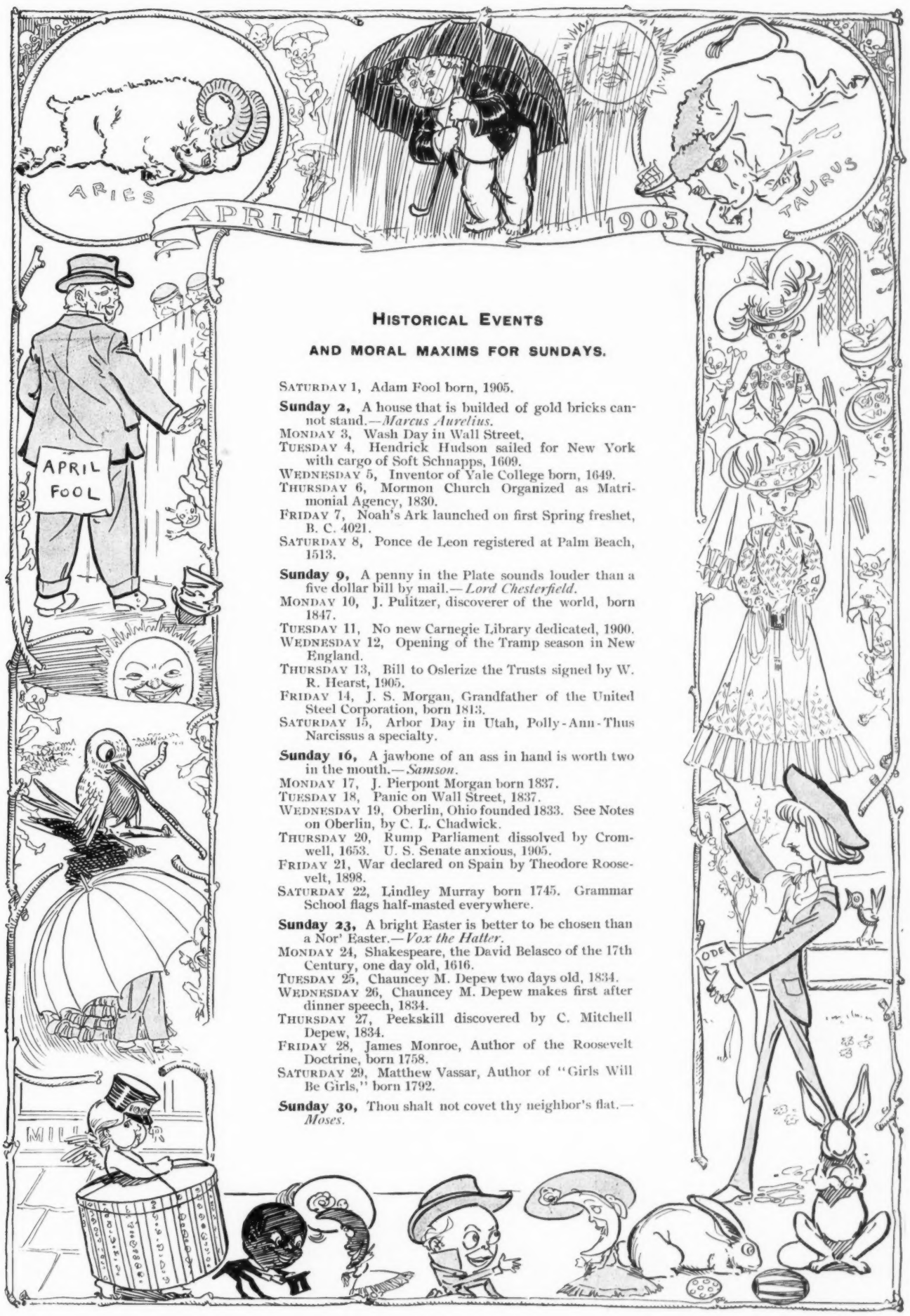
PRESIDENT CASTRO of Venezuela is pretty mad at us just now and threatens to move on New Orleans with 30,000 men for the purpose of invading the Mississippi Valley. We hope he tries it on about Carnival time. A few Sazerac cocktails will be a sufficient defense.

THE COMMITTEE OF NINE appointed to investigate police conditions for Father Knickerbocker are entitled to much praise for the thoroughness of their work and the sanity of their recommendations. Possibly the most interesting of their suggestions is the establishment of a Bureau of Vice. The industry of vice is large enough in all conscience to deserve a special bureau to look after it, and whatever else that is good or bad that may come from it, it will largely reduce the number of persons responsible for its existence. It is better to have a baker's dozen corrupt officials than as many thousands. By all means let us have our viciousness reduced to tabloid form.

THE MISSOURI situation seems to be that Senator Cockrell gets the Inter-State Commerce Commissionership, Major Warner gets the Senatorship and Mr. Neidringhaus gets the President's letter of congratulation. Neidringhaus may console himself with the thought that his reward is his to keep forever. The prizes of the others will in time pass away from them but that letter will become a priceless heirloom.

THE RACE between Tom Watson and W. J. Bryan, for reorganization honors in the Democratic Party is waxing hot, and judged by the size of their respective subscription lists by which their progress is measured it would seem as if the *Commoner* were coming out ahead. Unfortunately for both reorganizers the only real job the Democratic Party has had left for some time, that of forming an intelligent opposition to Republican rule, has been snatched away from it by the Republican majority in the United States Senate. It really looks as if poor old Democracy is to be forced into the ranks of the unemployed by the pushing monopolists of the G. O. P. who not content with running the country must needs also act as the chief opponent of its own policies.

THE FOOL and his overcoat are soon parted.



Historical Events

AND MORAL MAXIMS FOR SUNDAYS.

SATURDAY 1, Adam Fool born, 1905.

Sunday 2, A house that is builded of gold bricks cannot stand.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MONDAY 3, Wash Day in Wall Street.

TUESDAY 4, Hendrick Hudson sailed for New York with cargo of Soft Schnapps, 1609.

WEDNESDAY 5, Inventor of Yale College born, 1649.

THURSDAY 6, Mormon Church Organized as Matrimonial Agency, 1830.

FRIDAY 7, Noah's Ark launched on first Spring freshet, B. C. 4021.

SATURDAY 8, Ponce de Leon registered at Palm Beach, 1513.

Sunday 9, A penny in the Plate sounds louder than a five dollar bill by mail.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

MONDAY 10, J. Pulitzer, discoverer of the world, born 1847.

TUESDAY 11, No new Carnegie Library dedicated, 1900.

WEDNESDAY 12, Opening of the Tramp season in New England.

THURSDAY 13, Bill to Oslerize the Trusts signed by W. R. Hearst, 1905.

FRIDAY 14, J. S. Morgan, Grandfather of the United Steel Corporation, born 1813.

SATURDAY 15, Arbor Day in Utah, Polly-Ann-Thus Narcissus a specialty.

Sunday 16, A jawbone of an ass in hand is worth two in the mouth.—*Samson.*

MONDAY 17, J. Pierpont Morgan born 1837.

TUESDAY 18, Panic on Wall Street, 1837.

WEDNESDAY 19, Oberlin, Ohio founded 1833. See Notes on Oberlin, by C. L. Chadwick.

THURSDAY 20, Rump Parliament dissolved by Cromwell, 1653. U. S. Senate anxious, 1905.

FRIDAY 21, War declared on Spain by Theodore Roosevelt, 1898.

SATURDAY 22, Lindley Murray born 1745. Grammar School flags half-masted everywhere.

Sunday 23, A bright Easter is better to be chosen than a Nor' Easter.—*Vox the Hatter.*

MONDAY 24, Shakespeare, the David Belasco of the 17th Century, one day old, 1616.

TUESDAY 25, Chauncey M. Depew two days old, 1834.

WEDNESDAY 26, Chauncey M. Depew makes first after dinner speech, 1834.

THURSDAY 27, Peekskill discovered by C. Mitchell Depew, 1834.

FRIDAY 28, James Monroe, Author of the Roosevelt Doctrine, born 1758.

SATURDAY 29, Matthew Vassar, Author of "Girls Will Be Girls," born 1792.

Sunday 30, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's flat.—*Moses.*

BULLISH.

PATIENT.—But I thought your price for an appendicitis operation was only $300?

SPECIALIST.—Oh, that was *yesterday's* quotation. The market opened this morning at 325 and advanced briskly to 337½!

PREPARING FOR THE TRUSTS.

(Bloody Gulch, Wyo., Star.)

OUR distinguished citizen, Wild Williams, is in receipt of a highly-prized letter from his old friend, President Roosevelt. The chief executive desires Mr. Williams's presence in Washington for a month or so, in order to give our crack gun-fighter an opportunity of teaching him the latest tactics in gun-play, the practice of which art the President has of late rarely indulged in. Mr. Williams has signified his intention of accepting the invitation.

(Red Dog, Ariz., Gazette.)

Colonel Bill Hankins is the proudest man in our midst. The cause of the Colonel's chest expanding eight inches since last Thursday was a communication from the first gentleman of the land, no less, with whom the Colonel once ate emergency rations in the vicinity of San Juan, Cuba. "Teddy," said the Colonel, when interviewed by a member of the *Gazette* staff, "wants me to visit him at Washington for a few weeks and hints he would be glad to have me fetch my knives along, and you can bet your whole stack it 's me to the White Shack by the next train!" We might mention the Colonel is the handiest man with a bowie in the Southwest.

(Chicago, Ill., Daily Breeze.)

Billy Florizel, of the Florizel Troupe of acrobats, now filling an engagement at the Frivolity Theatre, has received a letter from his friend, President Roosevelt, inviting him to call at the White House the next time the troupe shows in Washington. The President is desirous of taking a short course in ground and lofty tumbling, pyramid work and double-twisters. Mr. Roosevelt could n't have made a better choice, as Mr. Florizel is the originator of nearly all the new stunts in his line of work.

(Wayback, Vermont, Intelligencer.)

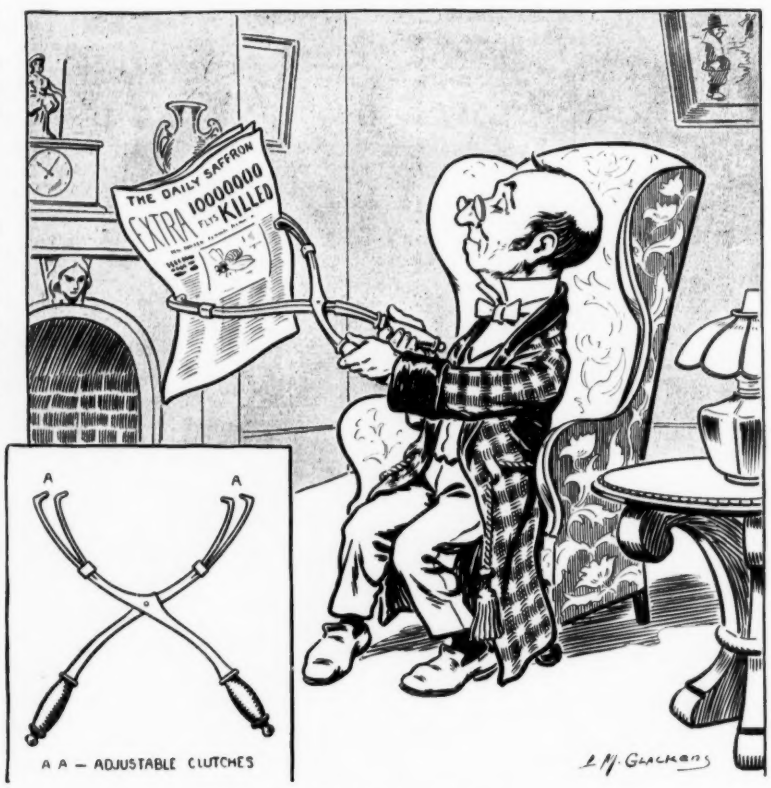
We always knew our village would become famous and, contrary to tradition, the expected has come to pass. And to think that modest young Jason Hayson is the cause of it all! This young man, who once sawed, split and piled five cords of hardwood in thirty-two minutes and seventeen seconds, (thereby establishing a record which, we make bold to assert, has never been equalled) is going to Washington, in a few days, at the urgent invitation of the President, who declares he is desirous of crossing saw-blades with our fellow-townsman. We are aware that Mr. Roosevelt "saws wood" some and is handy with the political axe when the occasion arises, but we venture to predict that he will meet his Waterloo the day he tackles the timber with Jason. Jason likewise is a mighty slick hay stacker, with a record of fifteen winrows, loaded on the cart, in eleven minutes, forty-eight and three-fifths seconds. That was his time, only last August, by old Squire Hazelhurst's Boston stop-watch, and providing the President will take up pitchforks with him, we 'll back Jason to clean up the White House hay crop, front lawn and back, quicker than Thomas Jefferson used to clean it—and he was pretty quick. We hope our young hero will not have his head turned by the round of gaiety at the capital and accept a permanent position there, but will return to his native heath, where the band will meet him at the station, win or lose.

GRUBSKY.

On the Bumsky Prospekt a Russian stoodsky,
Chewing his whiskers for lack of foodsky.
Quoth he: "It 's not equal to bread or meatsky,
But a damsightsky better than frazzled wheatsky."

(Roundup, Mont., Boomer.)

"Lariat Larry" Brander is off for Washington in the morning. He goes in response to a cordial invitation from President Roosevelt, who wrote Larry that, owing to the frequency of cabinet meetings, he is losing his skill with the rope and fears he may soon become a tender-foot. Larry is taking along a varied assortment of rawhides and is wondering where in the effete east the President is going to dig up the necessary mavericks. If these are supplied, our gifted townsman declares there will be a furore created on Pennsylvania avenue some fine afternoon, that will give the people an opportunity to see what kind of a man is guiding the ship of state in this country. *Harry Carey.*

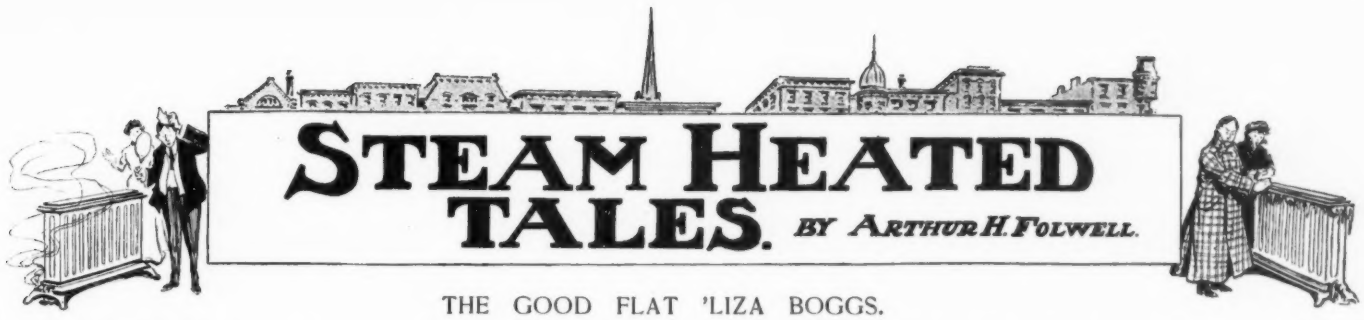


PUCK'S INVENTIONS.

THE YELLOW JOURNAL TONGS.

THE incongruity of casting pearls before swine is not essentially affected by the swine wearing diamonds.

Some people display wonderful speed and endurance in pursuing happiness in the wrong direction.



THE GOOD FLAT 'LIZA BOGGS.

"So you like it," said the agent, beaming. "I thought you would. In fact, I was sure you would. For what you wanted, it was the best thing on our list."

"It" was a modest bachelor apartment, a suite of two rooms and bath in a wide, substantial brick structure which, formerly a private dwelling, had been turned, twisted and subdivided, under expert architectural supervision, into a select place of lodging for "a limited number of gentlemen." The brown stone steps had been taken down and in their place was an immaculately tiled and electric lighted entrance on a level with the street. Above, small window panes had given way to large, and without, an array of escape regalia, iron ladders and balconies, showed a decent respect on the part of the owner for the statutes of the Building and Fire departments. All told, it was a model remodel.

"And of course we 'll decorate to suit tenant," said the agent affably, unconsciously talking like one of his own advertisements. "If you like, I 'll step around with you now and get your ideas, and they 'll have the lease ready by the time we get back."

Preliminaries to the taking of an apartment, whether it be a four room flat or a fifteen room section of a boulevard chateau, are much the same. *My* preliminaries were of that kind. Indeed, I may state at the outset that all reference to my apartment is to stop right in this paragraph, or if not in this paragraph in the next. This tale and the two rooms and bath which figured in my humble lease have nothing in common. But the rooms across the hall—Ah! That is a different matter and a different memory.

While the agent with his tagged key from the office rack was fumbling in the lazy lock of my prospective nest, I stood by on the stair landing. And then it was that I saw for the first time, over the door of my neighbor-to-be, the somewhat remarkable nameplate—remarkable, that is, in a landlubber of a lodging-house:—

THE ELIZA BOGGS
Of Bath.

The agent had the door open and had started to say, "Now, this burlap here was only put on last fall," when I interrupted him.

"Who lives in there?" I asked, pointing to the sign. "Is Eliza Boggs a bachelor girl, or what?"

The agent laughed.

"No," said he, "those are the rooms of a queer old chap named Dobbs; one who 's related on somebody's side or other to the owner of the house. Poor relation, they say, and an old sailor. Guess Eliza Boggs was the name of his ship. Now, this burlap," resumed the agent, "this burlap here was put on only last fall——"

The remainder of the sentence and those immediately subsequent, having no bearing whatever upon this tale or any part of it, are hereby omitted without ceremony.

It was some days after moving in that I first met the skipper of the flat, Eliza Boggs. It was in the immaculately tiled and electric lighted entrance. A portly person, who walked with a slight limp, whose suit of dark blue was in marked contrast with his face of bright red and whose stubby beard was mostly grey, was removing the mail from his letter box. Inasmuch as the letter box and the paper which he dropped, and which I restored to him, both bore the name, Capt. Dolphin Dobbs, there was scant room for doubt as to the portly person's identity. It was my neighbor across the hall.

"Thanky," said he, in gruff but not unpleasant tones as I handed him his paper—a recent copy of the Maratime Gazette. "Live here?"

"Yes," said I, "Third floor, back."

"Swow!" said he. "Why, you 're tied up in the same slip as me. Right across the dock. Come aboard some night and sit awhile and smoke."

"With pleasure," I answered.

"Come to-night," cried the Captain, with a burst of geniality, "to-night at six bells, and sample Bill Marlock's grub. 'S not a slicker cook from Quoddy Bay to Key West 'n old Bill Marlock of the 'Liza Boggs."

We stood upon the landing where a few days before the agent had talked of burlap so entertainingly. We had known each other exactly five minutes, and yet it was very evident that I had been invited to dine. Etiquette, plainly, played no part in the hearty hospitality of Dolphin Dobbs.

"I 'm afraid I 'd be presuming," I ventured conventionally, "upon so short an acquaintance."

"Shipmets!" said the Captain, holding up his hand and cutting me off short. "Shipmets! Tied up in the same slip."

That settled it. With my nautical knowledge extremely limited, I still was able to figure out that six bells at that hour of the day or evening meant seven o'clock, and my figures were fully confirmed, for, as I crossed the stair-landing preparatory to "boarding" the flat Eliza Boggs, three pair of brisk dings rang out from a ship's bell somewhere within. Thereupon, I knocked.

"Bill," I heard the Captain rumble in response.

"Ay, ay, sir," growled a voice still deeper—a voice belonging, doubtless, to the slickest cook from Quoddy to Key West.

"Stand by t' receive comp'ny."

"Ay, ay, sir"—and then I heard approaching foot falls in the narrow private hall.

The door opened and standing within, his hand outstretched, was Captain Dolphin Dobbs. Close by, and at angles to the door, stood an unmistakable sailor man, eyes right, and finger raised in respectful salute to a cap that was n't there.

"The memory of that meal will never fade."

"Come straight aboard," cried the Captain bluffly, and then in what for him was a quiet aside: "I 'll present Bill to ye later on. Just now he 's the crew and it would n't no way be dis'pline."

No doubt after I was safely "aboard," and the door had been shut and bolted, the Captain gave his crew an order to break ranks, or its correct nautical equivalent, but so struck was I with the Eliza Boggs' interior that the detail wholly escaped me. Night had fallen, and a big ship's lantern threw a mellow, if not a lively light, upon the queerest bachelor quarters it had ever been my lot to enter. It was the architect's evident intention that this apartment and mine should be duplicates, but it took an observant eye to catch the resemblance. With a wave of his hand, the Captain showed me to "the cabin"—across the hall it was known weakly as a den—and this also was lighted by a lantern, despite the brackets of incandescent globes. In the center of the room, just below the light, was a square table covered by a gay red cloth, but these were not the furnishings which most deeply impressed me. No. Not while two sets of bunks with pillows and blankets complete were in plain sight alongside of either wall, and a section of a mast, stepped and fitted to a nicety, extended from floor to ceiling.

"The 'Liza Boggs of Bath," said Captain Dobbs, pointing to the only picture in sight. "A coal barge now she be, sir, like many of her kind, but in her day, the trimmest, snuggest, deep-sea craft afloat."

"Amen! That she were," came in earnest tones from another room.

"That 's Bill Marlock," said the Captain, "as was her cook and ought to know. 'S not a slicker cook 'n Bill Marlock from Quoddy Bay to Key West. Present ye when the grub's brought on and Bill's first mate. Now, bein' he 's cook, it 's agen dis'pline."

The memory of that meal, served to the cheery ticking of a round ship's clock, will never fade. How Bill Marlock, finished presiding over a small gas-range in an improvised galley, put on a blue jacket and changed by the act from cook to first mate; how the Captain introduced us with bluff ceremony or lack of it; how we fell to beneath the rays of the big ship's lantern are recollections which are best dismissed with a reference. It was not until the Captain, with tolerable consistency, had applied himself to a sturdy jug that there was aught but an air of peace and serenity about this oddest of all bachelor apartments. At that, said air might indefinitely have been prolonged but for an unfortunate act of mine. By an inadvertency of the forearm, I upset the inch-thick-china sugar bowl upon "the cabin" floor. In an instant, I was out of my chair, apologizing profusely, and seeking to repair the slight damage.

"Not a word, shipmet, not a word," the Captain interposed, and was it in my imagination solely that his speech was slightly thickened? "She 's a-rollin' to-night, she 's a-rollin.' 'Tain't often we get such a swell in these waters. Bill! Bill Marlock!"

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Bill from his gas stove galley.

"The racks, Bill. Put 'em on the table."

I stared at Captain Dolphin Dobbs. Was he in earnest? He was. He rose from his seat and actually lurched.

"Nasty blow," he muttered, "an' by mornin' it 'll be a hurriken. Bos'n, pipe all hands to reef the tops'ls."

Still with difficulty keeping steady because of the rolling of the 'Liza Boggs, Captain Dobbs reached the window and peered beyond into the night. Just outside was the rear fire escape and the sight of it seemed to rouse him to a pitch unattained before.

"A little excitement, that 's all."

"Marlock!" he roared. "Bill Marlock! Where the blazes are ye? Here it 's eight bells in the first dog watch and neither your port or your starb'd lights is lit yet, and us right in the path of steamers. Wanter cut us in two?"

To a landlubber, the thing was becoming embarrassing. And the embarassment might have been painful and lasting had not Marlock, entering the cabin with two lighted lanterns, a red and a green one, which he placed upon the fire escape, remarked to me reassuringly:

"'S all right. 'S nothing new. 'S habit. I 'll navigate him."

"Bill Marlock," said Captain Dobbs, "beats me how you keeps your footin', Bill Marlock. The 'Liza Boggs aint been in sech a blow as this since she rounded the Horn in '73. Stretch out the life lines!"

The Captain dropped into a handy chair and for a moment there was silence. Then Marlock, who seemingly had something on his mind—something that he was anxious to work off and did not know how—pulled himself together and spoke.

"Cap'n," said he, very hoarse and gruff.

"Ay, Bill Marlock," said the skipper, with equal gruffness.

"Cap'n, I——Cap'n, the cook's goin' to leave. By the cook, meanin' me."

"T' *leave!* Why, Bill Marlock, you 're mad. There ain't a small boat aboard as could live in this here sea."

"All same, Cap'n, I 'm goin' to quit. Sorry, but there 's no helpin' of it. 'S afternoon, over in South Street, the old feelin', the sea feelin', came back. Ain't got no kicks agen the 'Liza Boggs, o' course, but I just could n't stay ashore no longer, so I signed. A ship bound east, Cap'n Dolph—a real ship."

"And the 'Liza Boggs ain't a real ship, Bill Marlock?"

"Real enough, an' yet not real *enough*, Cap'n Dolph. Thought as how she 'd seem so, fittin' her out this way, but somehow she——"

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, slowly. "She aint *real* real, be she, Bill? Not like the 'Liza Boggs as is now a coal barge. Dunno as I blame ye, Bill, but——"

"But——," repeated Bill with the emphasis of suspense.

"But where am I t' get a cook, Bill Marlock; a cook and a crew, with you alightin' out?"

The pause which followed was a pause full of silent perplexity. It was Marlock who spoke first.

"Cap'n," he began, haltingly.

"Ay, Bill Marlock," said Captain Dobbs, solemnly.

"Could n't you shanghai one, mebbe?"

I was forced next morning, for business reasons, to leave my rooms much earlier than usual. As I snapped the lock of my outer door, all was quiet in the quarters opposite. The 'Liza Boggs, the storm gone down, was apparently riding on an even keel. The Captain, I judged, was still asleep. As for Marlock—cook, crew and first mate—I knew not whether he was still aboard, or whether he had departed, individually and in a body, after I, the night before, had taken leave.

That evening when I returned, I met, in the immaculately tiled and electric lighted entrance, the affable agent.

"You missed it," said he with a degree of jocularity.

"Missed what?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, smiling, "a little excitement, that 's all About an hour ago, I guess it was, a waiter from Tortoni, the caterer, was delivering some stuff to the third floor, front. Your quaint, old neighbor Boggs jumped out upon him at the turn of the hall, got a good hold, and tried to drag him by main strength inside."

"Well!" said I to the agent, but to myself I said: "Shanghaied, by thunder!"

"Yes," my informant went on, "he tried to drag him inside, but the waiter yelled and clawed and the finish was that they both rolled downstairs. That 's about all. The waiter charged Boggs with unprovoked assault and a cop lugged them both to the station."

"And Boggs said nothing when arrested?"

"No—the crazy chump!—what could he say?"

"Oh, yesseh, he said one ting kase I done hear him," the janitor interposed. "When dey done sep'rate de two gemmen, Cap'n Boggs he say, dess soon 's he get his breaf: 'Dam dat man Marlock anyhow. Doan I wish I had him yere.'"

They got the Captain out later on. The owner of the house, a dim and distant relation, furnished bail, and by the use of a balm which seldom fails in such cases, the waiter's injuries were so nearly healed that he consented to withdraw the complaint. I saw the Captain shortly after matters were settled, and in confidential tones he said to me:

"I 'm goin' t' sea agen, shipmet. Bill was dead right. The 'Liza Boggs were n't a real ship, an' never could be. Frinstance, if it's a real ship, an' you ask a cook, sort of forceful like, to come aboard, you just put to sea, let him out an' set him cookin.' But aboard a ship as ain't real—well, ye see where they landed *me*, shipmet. Yes, sir; Bill Marlock was right; right as a compass. Ships ashore has limitations as can't be overcome."

That is why, in a certain apartment house, there is a queer lot of junk stowed away in the cellar. And also why, in a room on the third floor (occupant, myself) there is a big ship's lantern, a round ship's clock of exceedingly nautical habit, and a wooden strip with this name in painted letters: THE ELIZA BOGGS OF BATH.

Next Week—The Fall of the Flat of Pipkin.

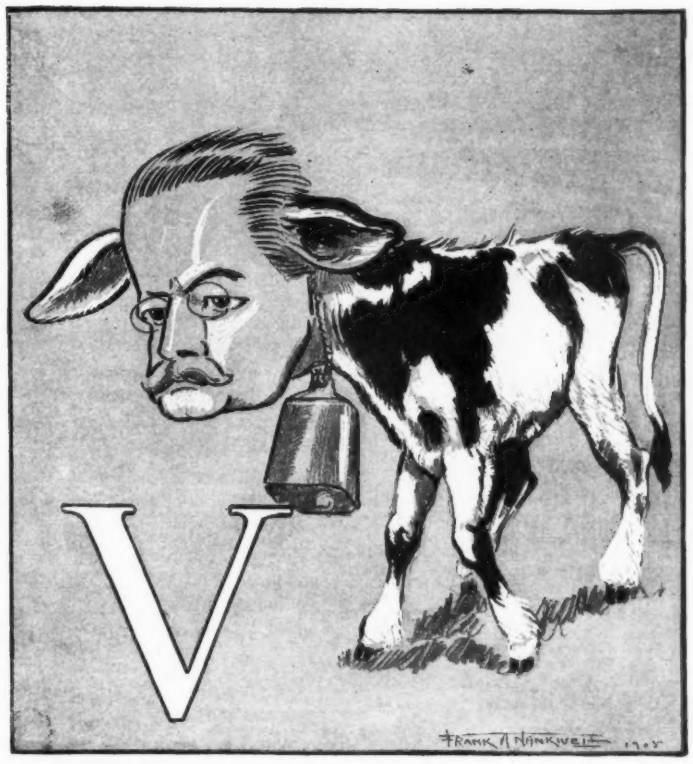
EXPLANATION.

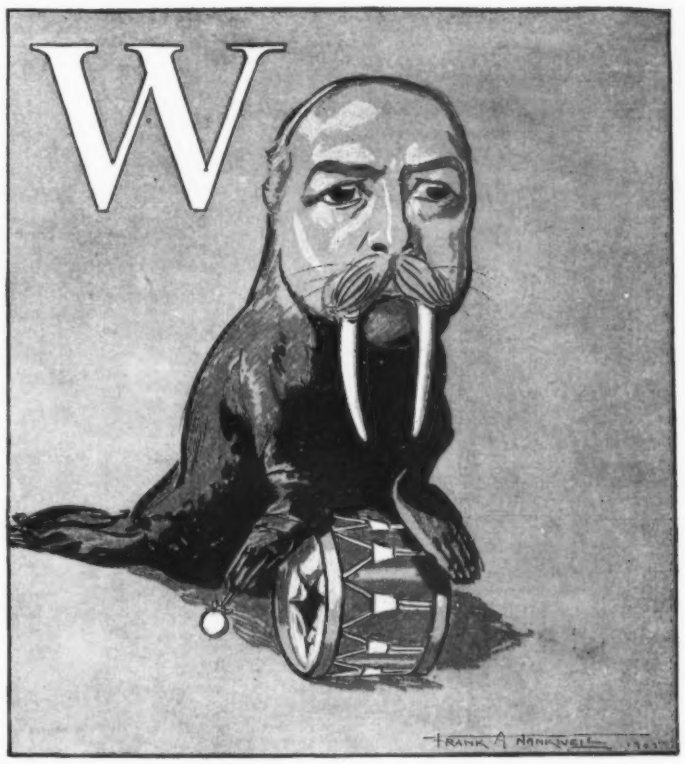
No wonder Russia seems for war
And revolution chosen;
It 's so cold there we have no doubt
The pipe of peace is frozen.

METHOD.

Doc refused to treat the poor,
Feeling altogether sure
That thus he 'd sooner get to be
A piller of society.

Progress would be even more rapid than it is if we were all as anxious to earn all the money we get as we are to get all the money we earn.





Puck's Alphabet.

V IS for Veal, an innocent thing,
As bland as the flowers that bloom in the Spring.
It 's also for Votes, and e'en stranger still,
It stands for the beauteous five dollar bill
That Voters delight in and eat with great gusto
And grows on the banks of the Rio de Trusto.

W 'S the Walrus, a dignified bird,
Who always safe methods and sane has preferred.
He knows a whole lot, and is clean as can be,
But like most of his kind he 's a good deal at sea.
He 's solid, though given to circum-locution
And has ever enjoyed an A 1 constitution.

THERE are some of us who have lived in daily expectation of the unexpected so long that we have begun to suspect that it does n't happen near as always as people seem to think.

HARD HIT.

"Well, Bob Streeter has failed for a million and the creditors 'll get about fifty thousand, I suppose."

"Does Bob feel sore?"

"Naturally, yes; fifty thousand is a whole lot of money, you know."

HOYLE ON WHIST PLAYING COMMUTERS.

ON entering the smoking car, turn over a seat and put your feet in another, thus closing the section against non-whist players.

Sit facing the rear door, so you may see each passenger as he enters and bawl: "Whist? Whist?" at him, waving a deck of cards in the air. If he pays no attention to you, he is probably not a whist fiend.

When the party is made up, remark to the man beside you: "Want to go a half a dollar?" Next borrow a match of your partner and deal the cards.

If one of your opponents presumes to make a remark about real estate, or the weather, shut him up with: "This is whist, gentlemen."

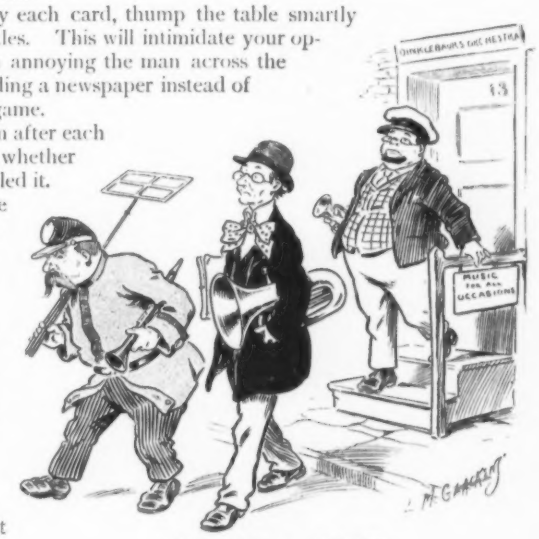
As you play each card, thump the table smartly with your knuckles. This will intimidate your opponents, besides annoying the man across the aisle, who is reading a newspaper instead of watching your game.

Hold a postmortem after each hand, to ascertain whether you or your partner killed it.

In play, two simple rules will suffice: Always lead your short suit, and trump fearlessly second hand.

Bright remarks to make between deals: "It 's funny how cards will run." "I did n't have a face card." "Has anybody got a match?"

IT IS probably easier to be poor but honest than rich but honest.



OFF ON A TOOT.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PEACE.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

ACE.

Only Weekly Daily in the World

The Daily Puck

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Weather Fair to Middling

VOL. 1. MARCH 29, 1905. NO. 3.

PERSONAL

WILL the gentleman who removed Constitution from safe and hid the same, kindly return it without delay to UNCLE SAM, Washington, D. C.

BOOKER, T. Will send anniversary luncheon in box, by express. Explanation by mail. T. R.

RUSSIAN gentleman by birth and education, tired of his present job, would like to hear from some farmer in quiet neighborhood who needs a helper. Can furnish some capital. NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, Box 927, Daily Puck

CASSIE. Please don't write any more notes. ANDY.

SMOOT, that 's all. Object, matrimony.

J. P. M. If you will return the money, I will say nothing about the interest. STEEL COMMON, Box 531, Daily Puck.

CAN anybody give me the address of a person named John D. Rockefeller who was in the oil business in Cleveland in 1871. I know where there is a dollar that he overlooked. Address, POOR BUT HONEST, Daily Puck.

LAWSON. Go drown yourself and all will be forgiven. H. H. R.

KUROPATKIN. Where are you? I waited on corner of Wun Lung Avenue and Ping Pong Street for four hours Wednesday and you did not come. OYAMA.

HENRY JAMES. Why do you not write, so that we may understand what it is you want? JAMES HENRY.

WILL the large blonde lady in red, wearing a diamond sunburst and carrying a green plaid parasol, who recognized gentleman sitting with his wife in box at Proctor's Tuesday afternoon, please not do it again. No satisfactory explanation. EX-ADMIRER.

THE COURT.

MATERNAL CONGRESS MAKES EMPEROR AN HONORARY MOTHER — RECEPTION TO KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

The Emperor will address the American Domesticity League on Friday night on "How to Make Jelly Jell." It is said that His Majesty has some novel ideas upon this subject which have never yet been promulgated.

The Maternal Congress lately in session has made the Emperor an Honorary Mother in appreciation of his recent address on the subject of Maternal Responsibility.

There will be a State Reception on Thursday evening to the Knights of the Golden Fleece. The Emperor will receive in the uniform of a Captain of Industry.

Lord Cortelyou, Master of the Emperor's Private Post, has announced that any letter addressed to His Majesty bearing insufficient postage will make the writer liable to a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment for one year.

The Emperor's autograph signed to a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars brought one thousand five hundred dollars the other day in a private transaction. The significance of this will be understood by those who realize that the autograph of Napoleon Bonaparte rarely fetches more than $16.38 at public sale.

In the Uniform of a Captain of Industry.

H. R. H. Prince Theodore is almost as good a shot as his Imperial father. He hit the Washington Monument seventeen times running last Thursday afternoon from the Palace windows with an ordinary air-gun.

The Emperor has received a letter from his brother William of Germany asking for a place at court for Nicholas of Russia, who is said to have grown weary of his work at St. Petersburg, which has been unusually confining of late. It is expected that an opening will be found for him in the weather bureau.

In order to bind the two peoples more closely together the Emperor is said to be arranging a marriage between the ex-Queen of Hawaii and Lord Ben Tillman of the Principality of South Carolina.

Archbishop Dowie at the Emperor's request will become Lord Chaplain of the Imperial Rough Riders. A new hymn to the music "There 'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" is being written for this organization by Poet Laureate Markham.

Sir Homer Davenport, recently appointed Court Painter for his famous picture "I 'm Good Enough for It" has been commanded to make a single life-size canvass of the Coronation Parade. When finished it will be mounted on a cylinder and kept in the Emperor's private apartment.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

DUKE BORIS TO CHEER THE CZAR'S ARMY WITH COMIC OPERA.

General Kuropatkin who is shortly retiring from the command of the Russian Army will probably be succeeded by Nansen the eminent Arctic Explorer, who is said to know the line of retreat rather better than any man now living.

The Grand Duke Boris is organizing a comic opera troupe to take to the front to cheer up the Czar's army. The Grand Duke who never flinches in the face of talcum powder or high-balls is peculiarly well fitted for this arduous service.

"However generous Japanese Peace terms may be, Russian prestige is not among them," says Count Cassini. It is not likely however that Japan will allow a little thing like that stand in the way of a termination to the war. If it can be found it will doubtless be included.

PRISON SOCIETY.

MRS. CHADWICK LEASES APARTMENT IN CLEVELAND JAILERIES — QUIET LENT AT JOLIET — OSSINNING ARRIVALS.

Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick has leased an apartment in the Cleveland Jaileries for a term of years, where she shortly expects to be at home to her friends.

The managers of that popular Pennsylvania resort, Moyamensing, will hold several Germans in Easter week. It is expected they will be largely attended.

The Hon. Red O'Leary formerly of the Bowery, who has been sojourning at Sing Sing for the past ten years, will have a coming-out party some time next month. The exact date has not yet been fixed.

The Trenton Prison *Social Register* just issued shows several changes of address in that institution. Harry the Crook formerly of No. 7 Tier 5, has moved to No. 16 Murderer's Row, while Frisky Jim, whose work under the sobriquet of Penman has aroused much controversy, has taken the apartment recently vacated by Mulligan Dooley at No. 23 Tier 16.

The Coming-out of Red O'Leary.

Things are quiet at Joliet during Lent, very few of the habitues of that place going out during the period. All have given up the theatre and not a few are on a simple diet at least until Easter.

The ever popular Tommy De Hare has returned to Osinning for a prolonged stay. This is Mr. De Hare's fifth visit to Warden Johnston's popular home on the Hudson.

MORGAN'S LATEST RAID.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

AIX-LES-BAINS, March 29. — Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has arrived here to take the baths, and the town is in a ferment of indignation, as the baths have been a feature of the place since the days of the Romans. It is presumably Mr. Morgan's intention to remove them to the addition which is building to his New York mansion.

OLD DR. BRINDLE WILL REMOVE YOUR VERMIFORM WITHOUT PAIN. $1 AN INCH.—*Adv.*

Some Famous New York Barbers

The following widely known and influential New York barbers use Williams' Shaving Soap and indorse it as the best. These indorsements were all given between January 20th and March 10th. Lack of space only prevents our printing the names of a very much greater number of barbers:

KIESSEL & FACHNER, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.
JACOB HYSLER, Manhattan Hotel.
BUTTS BROTHERS, Hotel St. Regis.
JOHN SCHREIBER, Fifth Avenue Hotel.
CHARLES BENDER, Hoffman House.
JACOB SCHMITT, Imperial Hotel.
H. J. HAVNOR, The Alpine.
FRANK SCHIELE, Victoria Hotel.
H. AUGUSTUS MOTZ, Hotel Breslin.
FRED SCKELL, Everett House.
GEORGE L. HERMES, Hotel Bartholdi.
TEOFIL KAWCZYNSKI, Belvedere House
PETER HASTER, Rossmore Hotel.
GEORGE HUDSON, Hotel Cadillac.
HARRY HEATH, Hotel Wellington.
O. W. KRAUSE, Plaza Hotel.
AUGUST RUHL, Gilsey House.
GEIGER & FASKE, Broadway Central Hotel.
JOHN KOENIG, Park Avenue Hotel.
CHARLES F. WAGNER, Hotel Savoy.
JOHN WEG, Hotel Empire.
J. E. FOSBURY, Hotel Grenoble.
FREDERICK HORN, Hotel Netherland.
JAS. P. CAREY, President Master Barbers, New York City.
JAS. P. CAREY, Grand Central Station.
JOHN R. BOHMER, Secretary Master Barbers, State of New York.
JOHN WERSHING, Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.
FRANK BYRNE, Metropolitan Life Building.
ADAM MULLER, Union League Club.
LOUIS HERDT, Standard Oil Building.
JNO. A. BURKE, Broadway and Chambers Street.
B. DAUMANN, University Club.
B. RAGUSA, Flat Iron Building, also 932 Sixth Avenue.
SCHOLL & MARION, Postal Telegraph Building.
JOSEPH SCHNEPS, Manhattan Barber Shop, 2529 Eighth Ave.
H. BUTTERMANN, Whitehall Building.
J. GEORGE, New York Life Building.
PHILIP DREISSIGACKER, Empire Building.
CARL BERGE, 2616 Eighth Avenue.
ADAM OTTO, Consolidated Building.
S. LYONS, Schermerhorn Building.
FOLEY & DORRMANN, New York Stock Exchange.
JOHN HESS, Wells Building.
JOSEPH MAIER, Mutual Reserve Building.
AUGUST REINHARD, Equitable Building.
PETER WOLF, Arthur Building.
CHAS. FISCHER, Havemeyer Building.
JOHN DENNINGER, Hanover Bank Building.
JACOB SAIER, Park Row Building.
ALBERT HOETZEL, St. Paul Building.
J. T. SAIER, Bowling Green Building.
ARNOLD WINCIERZ, 503 Fifth Avenue.
MAX HERETH, Mail and Express Building.
JOHN STEPHAN, Treasurer Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York.
JOSEPH MILLER, President Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York.
FRANK A. ENGLERT, Corn Exchange Building.
PHILIP HOENIG, 42 Broadway Building.
V. ENGELHART, 20 Union Square.
HERMAN UTZ, Buckingham Hotel.
MARTIN KIMPELL, 16 Beaver Street.
ADOLPH KRONENGOLD, Washington Building, 1 Broadway.
P. CARDONE, Steven's House.
JACOB GEORGI, Central R. R. of N. J. Building.
PHILIP ABRAMSON, Astor House.
J. HANDEL, Churchill Hotel (formerly Morton House).
" " Smith & McNell's Hotel, Barber Shop.

What the President of the Board of Barber Examiners and former President of the Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York says:

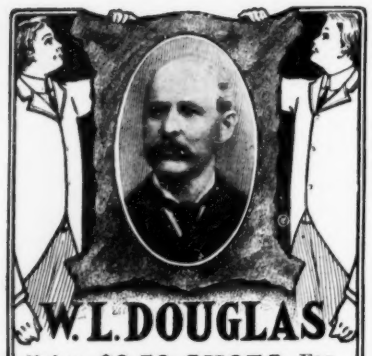
"The Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York was organized with the specific object in view of promoting the interests of the Barbers in this State, and for the PROTECTION, SAFETY and WELFARE of the public in general. We certainly cannot do the above unless we use in our business the BEST material and supplies obtainable, among which I certainly class Williams' Shaving Soap. After an experience in this business covering a period of twenty-two years, I can honestly say that Williams' is the best shaving soap. To all Barbers, who believe in the PROTECTION and SAFETY of the public in general, I would say, use none but Williams' Shaving Soap."
GEO. E. REEDY.

MORAL:—Barbers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, use Williams' Shaving Soap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY



W. L. DOUGLAS

Union Made **$3.50 SHOES** For Men.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. $10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from $5.00 to $7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

EQUAL $5.00 SHOES.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes for years, and consider them equal to any $5.00 shoe now on the market. They have given entire satisfaction."—Wm. H. Anderson, Real Estate Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.50 and $2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest patent leather produced.

Fast Color Eyelets will not wear Brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. 25 cents extra prepays delivery.

If you desire further information, *write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.*

W. L. DOUGLAS, 164 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

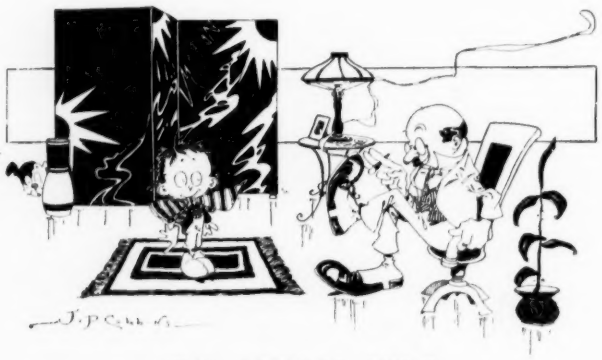
WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

MAN MAY live happily and usefully for 150 years, says Professor Sperry of Oberlin. If you don't take kindly to chloroform, here is your chance.

*

ONE OF the sights of New York is a Boston Bull terrier that walks down Fifth Avenue with a pipe in his mouth. It is queer how some creatures lose their intelligence the minute they leave Boston. We should say too that this action was a reflection on the animal's breeding.



THE CORRECT SIMILE.

BOBBY.—I 've been working all day like a dog, Pop.

FATHER.—Glad to hear you are getting industrious, Robert; but what have you been doing?

BOBBY.—I 've been digging out a woodchuck, Pop!

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

SOME $50,000,000 a year, it is said, is spent in golf. Of this, $20,000,000 goes for Scotch; $10,000,000 for Rye; $5,000,000 for limes and lemons; $8,000,000 for ice and $7,000,000 for incidentals.

*

THE DIVORCE record of the United States is convincing proof, if any were needed, that this country is more than ever the land of the free. Whether or not it remains the home of the brave is not quite so clear. In Union is strength, however, seems to be a motto that is gradually losing significance, especially in high society.

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS **LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX** (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

HUDSON

THE NATURAL

WHISKEY

IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI - U.S.A.

IT 'S A Protocold day for San Domingo!

IT IS now suggested to Commissioner McAdoo that he "regulate" the baby carriage traffic on Riverside Drive. Forget not Brooklyn.

EUROPEAN FINANCIERS believe that the war will soon end. When it comes to prophecy as to modern war, the financier has the military expert beaten by a block.

A MODEST Englishman, who has been in Parliament for over thirty years, has never made a speech in all that time. What a boon if some of our own legislators were likewise considerate!

Chalfonte

Atlantic City, N. J.

This modern Fireproof House accommodating 600 was opened July 2, 1904, for its 37th consecutive season, after the expenditure of over $600,000.00 for improvements.

The pavilion with three decks open on all sides affords a splendid view of the Boardwalk and Surf, and the Loggia and Sun Space on the Tenth Floor command the Atlantic Ocean for 20 miles.

The public spaces are numerous, spacious and elegant. The chambers are large and well furnished. The dining room is light and airy with ample seating capacity. The bath rooms have hot and cold sea and fresh water. There is a Long Distance Bell Telephone in every bed room.

THE LEEDS COMPANY
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte is Always Open

Write for Folder and Rates

A HEADLINE says the Czar must act soon, but does n't say in what. He might try a leading rôle in "Siberia."

THE MORMON Church has ex-communicated ex-Senator Cannon. Well, we 're not surprised. What 's a Cannon for if not to be fired.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* asks why manly men marry Butterflies. Simplicity. Because butterflies represent the highest development of the grub.

DR. HIEPRECHT, the explorer, is criticised because he claims to have dug up a library at Nippur but does n't produce the books. Maybe it was a Carnegie library.

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name,

Appropriate in its Route,

Appropriate in its Character---

"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED."

This is *The* century of all the ages.

The New York Central—Lake Shore 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED."

A beautiful etching of this train printed on plate paper 24 x 32 inches ready for framing will be sent free to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street, / BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Puck's Original Drawings

The Original Drawing of any Illustration in PUCK may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present.

A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.

An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of PUCK and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

SHE.—I think a horse knows more than a dog.
HE.—I don't.
SHE.—Quite likely. I was speaking of a horse.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

KUROPATKIN's position on the Shakhe became so Shakhe that he simply had to move. This may be added to the horrors of war.

*

THERE IS a scientific gentleman who believes that the South Pole may "be reached by some development of the automobile." An auto that can swim, fly and break ice would seem the proper caper.

The Ring or The Bank?

NOW is the time to start a Diamond Savings Account

Select the Diamond you would like to own and wear from our 1905 Catalogue and it will be sent at once on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. We open these accounts with all honest persons who want to save. Diamonds will pay 20 per cent profit from increased values in 1905, or five times better than banks. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Write for Catalog today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858)
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
Dept. C 50, 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Winners of Gold Medal at St. Louis Exposition.

PORTLAND AND NORTHWEST
WITHOUT CHANGE
via
UNION PACIFIC

This route gives you 200 miles along the matchless Columbia River.

Two Through Trains Daily

With Accommodations for all Classes of Passengers

This will be the Popular Route to Lewis and Clark Exposition 1905.

Inquire of

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
Omaha, Neb.

To be an ale-drinker
and not to drink

Evans' Ale

is to admit one's self
a back number.
What class are you in?

Royal TRADE MARK
THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE
LINEN
15c EACH

MARINE
IF YOUR DEALER WONT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dep't C.C. TROY, N.Y.

CAUGHT.

SERVANT *(to Mr. Oryx)*.—Please, sah, dere's a bill-collectah at de do', an' he says dere ain't no use fo' you to say you're out, 'cause he seen your horns a-stickin' through de winder.

YOUR favorite chair—smoke ditto, a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS, and home comfort envelops you. No trouble or effort required; just strain your CLUB COCKTAIL through cracked ice, and you have a drink whose equal never passed over a *made-in-a-hurry* bar.

CLUB COCKTAILS are made of choicest liquors, scientifically blended and aged to perfection. The original brand.

Seven kinds — Manhattan, Martini, etc.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

SURE SIGNS

WHEN THE sparrow looks about
For some bits of twig and string,
And the urchin saunters out
With his top, be sure 'tis spring.

❋

IT WOULD N'T be a bad idea if a warship were sent to take charge of the Colorado Legislature.

❋

YES, WITTICUS, you are right. The war is over — over in Manchuria. We agree to that, but we refuse to send you fifty cents for a joke like that.

❋

THERE IS no chance of a sympathetic message from Roosevelt to the Czar. Somebody has just discovered that the Czar is "a weakling."

❋

MR. FAIRBANKS should send out to Indiana for "the wooly horse." He would look well beside the President on the latter's cross country canters.

BOUND VOLUMES OF PUCK

1904 COMPLETE

BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES

CLOTH, $7.50

HALF MOROCCO, $9.00

We also bind Subscribers' Copies, in Cloth, at $1.25; or, in Half Morocco, at $2.00 per volume.

ADDRESS PUCK, NEW YORK

THE PRUDENTIAL

Which Policy Did He Take?
The Prudential's Participating.
Why? Because the Cost is Reduced to a Minimum by Dividends, and the Policy Possesses Many Other Attractive Features.

Fill in this Coupon and send to
The Prudential
NEWARK, N. J.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free particulars and rates of Participating Policies.

For $ _____

Name _____ *Age* _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ *Dept. P*

This is Worth Investigating.
The Time to Do It is Now.
Send Coupon Today.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

JAPAN'S fourth domestic loan was subscribed with the usual yenthusiasm.

❋

TWENTY-FIVE boarding-school girls were prevented from attending "Parsifal," because they engaged in a pillow fight. Even pillow fights are useful sometimes.

❋

THE Weberfield wife of millionaire Wood says that Pittsburg is worse than Philadelphia. Once you acquire the theatrical point of view you can't get away from it.

SOME CHURCHES, these plentiful days, have mortgages to burn.

❋

A TENDERLOIN cop has fallen heir to $300,000, which is as much as he could make on his beat in five years.

❋

ROCKEFELLER has given $100,000 for foreign missions. He might combine business with charity by carrying the Gospel through a pipe line.

❋

SANTIAGO, CUBA, had its first hail storm in seventy-seven years the other day. It was followed by a violent outbreak on the part of the oldest inhabitant.

❋

POSSIBLY, if they like the East, Seth Bullock's cowboys might aid Commissioner McAdoo in regulating traffic. What could be lovlier than a lassooed truckman?

❋

REAR ADMIRAL Davis was accused of being pro-British in his sentiments, but there is nothing wrong in that. Think how much worse it would be were he accused of being the original Pro Bono Publico.

❋

AS TO his presidential boom, Secretary Shaw is extremely non-committal. He should not be. He should come boldly out and boom. "Vote for Shaw and high prices," would make a cracking good campaign cry.

❋

SENATOR PENROSE may possibly succeed Mr. Cortelyou as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Penrose coming from Pennsylvania, "practical politics" would doubtless figure largely in the next campaign.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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CHAMPION JEFFRIES declares that Mrs. Jeffries is invaluable "as friend, counsellor and treasurer?" Where is the wife who does not believe she would make a good treasurer? The trouble is in getting hubby to believe it.

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad for the Golf Championships.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit Pinehurst, N. C., during the great championship golf tournaments, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to this attractive mid-South resort, leaving New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington March 31, by special train. The rates for this tour, including railway transportation in both directions; Pullman berth and meals in dining car on going trip only, and three days' board at the Hotel Carolina, will be: New York, $32.00; Philadelphia, $30.00; Baltimore and Washington, $29.00. Proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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IN THE BLACKVILLE CHURCH.

REVEREND MR. JOHNSON.—De choir will now render dat beautiful hymn, "Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing;" an' while dey am rending it, de congregation will jine in grateful prayer dat de aforsaid choir hain't got but one tongue apiece!

AS WE read in our Russian geometry, a straight Linevitch is the shortest distance between two points-koff.

VICE-PRESIDENT Fairbanks is now a Mason. Instead of a goat, a dark wooly horse was the steed provided.

THE YALE Divinity School is $25,000 in debt. Why not apply to the Treasurer of the Foot Ball Association?

GROVER CLEVEland has gone a-fishing in Florida. Brother Bryan also is angling a little in a quiet, inobtrusive way.

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A WOMAN, knocked down by an auto, permitted herself to be taken home in it. How beautiful to behold is a forgiving spirit!

GOVERNOR HOCH of Kansas says his state will rise superior to Standard Oil. Imagine such treasonable defiance anywhere else but Kansas—in the Senate Chamber, for example.

THE Russian rearguard, in retreating from Mukden, moved at a rate of less than six miles a day. Brooklynites should see from this that there are other rush-hours beside those of the bridge.

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The Beer of Quality

The vigor of the malt and the vim of the hops.

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Carthusian Monks Have Not Disposed of Control of their Famous Liqueur.

Since the expulsion from France of the Carthusian monks various reports have been circulated as to the disposition of their estates and the secret formula under which their cordial is made. Some of the American newspapers recently published a dispatch from Paris to the effect that an English syndicate had purchased both and would control the production of the liqueur.

Inquiry into this report was made by Batjer & Co., of New York, the American agents for the Carthusians, and a statement has been issued by the firm declaring it to be unfounded. The Carthusian monks are now manufacturing Chartreuse under the name of Liqueur Peres Chartreux at Tarragona, Spain, and the American public recognizes in same the genuine article and is receiving it with favor and confidence.

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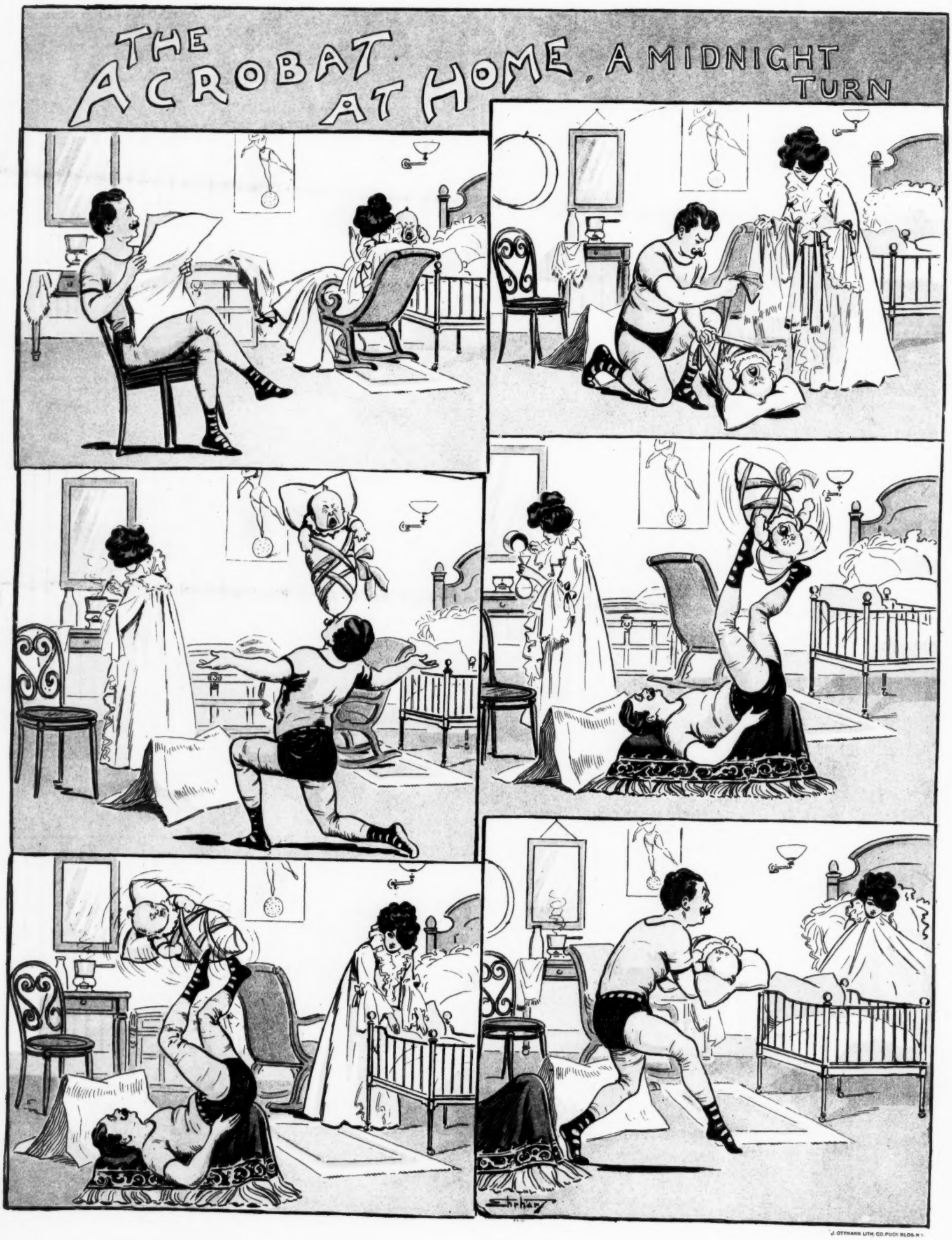

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